

Inventions in the Head

by Earworm and Leonard C. Hall

It reminds me of an inventor called Nicola Tesla. He was able to create and operate his inventions in his mind and make improvements before he made them.

That could be dangerous to build them before you know what they do.
You might accidentally set off a weapon of mass destruction...

Please keep that to yourself. I don't want the government snooping around my activities.
Better yet it might be best to not go any further with their development. I don't even want to enlarge them at this point. What looks like a coffee grinder could possibly really be a way to change the texture, contents, and active components of the air we breath.

I don't think you should destroy them. They may be valuable to future generations when Man has advanced to the point that he can handle them without creating a disaster.... You should bury them in your backyard. Make a small map showing their location and have it tattooed on the back of your ear. That way after you die someone will still be able to find them by using the map. It may be necessary to specify in your will that after your death your ear should be removed and preserved. You can have your ear sent to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In the meantime, before you die, you should visit the museum and write "Learn from Lenny's ear" in out-of-the-way places around the museum. One day someone will see the graffiti and make the connection with the little jar containing your ear that will be sitting on some dusty shelf of the museum.

"Van Gogh only cut off part of his ear" was all the strange looking creature said to the museum clerk as he picked up the jar and inspected its contents

He immediately noticed the small map tattooed on the ear and memorized it.
"This must be significant," he thought. "The Great Lenny would not have had this tattoo put on his ear unless it meant something."

All Lenny's friends, which he avoided as much as possible while he was alive, knew that he did not favor having tattoos on his body so this map must have been vital to the secret of his treasure or some esoteric message he wanted to leave to humanity or at least to the few who could GET IT and make use of IT. But what was IT ?

He leaves the museum putting the jar into the pocket of his long black heavy jacket for safe keeping. As he's walking down the steps into the foggy evening he remembers some background info he heard told about Lenny's life back in the year 2004.

Ah yes, 2004. That was the year Lenny started the calendar business.
Little did he know that only three years later he would be one of the world's leading suppliers of hybrid calendars. Time was always important to Lenny. And sound.

Was that why his ear was in a jar? Because he liked sounds so much?
But how could he hear the sounds without a brain attached to the ear?
No. There must be some other reason for the ear. Perhaps it was a visual
thing. Lenny liked pictures Maybe it was the old Van Gogh joke all over again.
Word was that Lenny had once painted under that name. Maybe the ear in
a jar was a reference to one of those old Van Gogh paintings?

Hearing was always one of the major points Lenny remembered from his counterpart in art
Sidney Hipple. Sidney Hipple would be the one of the few people Lenny looked up to. Sidney
always stressed these two words when ever any student was in doubt LISTEN.... BREATH.
So I guess the ear could be an indication of how listening was very important in the life of
both
Sidney Hipple and Lenny Hall.

It was also a possibility that the ear was not that of Lenny but of one of his siblings,
Kenneth,
Benjamin, Dennis or Jennifer but that was unlikely.

Another interesting point being that Dennis Hopper was Lenny's favorite actor and Blue
Velvet
one of his favorite films Could that also be a connection?

The Blue Velvet connection was intriguing to Mister Ree, the current
possessor of the jar containing Lenny's ear. And it set Mister Ree to
thinking about a possible Black Velvet connection. Had Sidney Hipple
ever painted on black velvet? Sidney Hipple, of course, was one of
the Great Lenny's many alternate personalities. Mister Ree was
always amazed whenever he investigated some obscure corner of late
20th century culture and found one of Lenny's personalities lurking there.

Lance Gargoyle was another name Lenny used that was certainly the best known and the
one Mister Ree came across often, possibly because it was his musical persona and the
one most in the public eye and involved in the outside activities of worldly affairs. Lance had
a red cape made of Red Velvet, that the queen of reality made for him. In the inside pocket
was a paper telling what one of the inventions in the head was. It was a machine that could
read through the covering of the numbers of Lottery scratch tickets. If this machine was ever
made it could be use to scan lottery tickets and find the winners in the bunch. In the pocket
was the drawing of all three inventions and how they looked blown up 20 times so all the
details could be seen. Mister Ree heard of someone who may know where the cape may be.

Mister Ree stared at the notes on his notepad.

Lenny Blue Velvet
Sidney Hipple Black Velvet
Lance Gargoyle ... Red Velvet

There seemed to be a pattern emerging in his data. Could it be that all the
Lenny personas shared a fondness for velvet? Mister Ree scratched his
chin and carefully circled the word "velvet" on his notepad

He had to find the Red Velvet cape of Lance Gargoyle. Valentine's Day
was only a few weeks away and Mister Ree knew that red was the color
of Valentine's day. It would seem that the time was ripe for the finding
of the cape. But where should he look first?

As he strolled along the main streets of Lowell, Mass, the city where Lenny first made his impact on the world of culture and consideration, Mister Ree saw an interesting clue. Across the street on the marquee of The Dark Backwards, a hip club where interesting musicians, artists, actors and storytellers hung out, he saw "Appearing in "The Velvet Room" "Tony D'Wonderful" impersonator Dino Costello.

Mister Ree's life had been similar to that of Lennys as it was like a David Lynch movie in that he rarely knew what was going to happen next but got clues or what he called cosmic hints that directed his flow of activity through his life adventures.

Mister Ree walked over to the Velvet Room, but it was a long wait until Dino's performance. Just on a hunch, Mister Ree decided to look for Dino Costello's dressing room. He was surprised when Dino answered his knock and let him in. The dressing room was bigger than Mister Ree expected. There was a cot set up in one corner and without knowing why, Mister Ree got the feeling that Dino Costello lived in the dressing room full time.

Dino had been having a difficult time making ends meet due to so many other Tony D' Wonderful impersonators in the area. A suitcase of open on the floor with Dinos few possessions: A spare tux jacket, a few white dress shirts, a pair of old socks, underwear and an old black tie with a keyboard design. Mister Ree introduced himself and asked Dino if he knew anything about Lenny.

Dino told him he had heard of Lenny as he lite a cigarette. Lenny had used many different names including Tony D'Wonderful to diversify his many creative abilities and interests. The word around was that the current Tony D' Wonderful was not Lenny but a friend of Lenny's by the name of Jimmy Cennamo that had taken over the act years before. Sidney Hipple was another name Lenny used when he operated in the world. Dino suggested that that might be a key to finding out what the meaning of the ear in the jar meant. He had heard of the inventions but all he knew was the government was looking for Lenny before he disappeared and was later found dead. It was suspected by some that Lenny wasn't really dead but living life under another name. Maybe it was Sidney Hipple.

After his conversation with Dino, Mister Ree found himself even more mystified. Lenny Hall still alive? Then who belonged to the ear in the jar? Or could Lenny be alive and walking around with only one ear? That might make him easy to pick out of a crowd. But which crowd? Mister Ree had no idea. The great Lenny operated in so many different circles of music, writing, theater, and art - that it was impossible to know where to look. Mister Ree sighed and trudged on down the street. He needed luck on his side, a sign or an omen to point him in the right direction.

But as he stood gazing into a dark muddy puddle confused and bewildered he was hit from behind on the head. When he awoke he found that the jar was gone. Good thing he memorized the map. As he laid in the gutter he recalled the image of the map in his head. A black sedan drove up and stopped beside where he was lying. The driver rolled down the window and asked if he was okay and if he needed a lift. Mister Ree nodded his head and got into the sedan. "Thanks for stopping, I just got mugged" he said. Gotta be carefull around this area at night the driver said. Mister Ree felt his back pocket and discovered his wallet was not missing. Only the jar with the ear had been taken. My name is Mister Ree, How far you going ?I'm going as far as Egg Village "home of the eggburger" responded the driver, as he flicked out a cigarette butt and rolled up the window. My name is Lance. Lance Gargoyle.

For a moment Mister Ree was unable to speak. Lance Gargoyle! When he was finally able to talk again, the only thing he could think of to say was "Not THE Lance Gargoyle?"

L.G. : Right here in the flesh. Also known as the handsomest monster in the world, friend of the ugly and a monster among men.

M.R. : Are you Lenny Hall ?

L.G. : Sometimes.

M.R. : Are you Sidney Hipple?

L.G. : Sometimes. Cool your jets for a minute and I'll take you for a little ride.

M.R. : Where are you taking me?

L.G. : Egg Palace !

M.R. : Egg Palace?

L.G. : Home of the Egg Burger.

M.R. : Home of the Egg Burger?

L.G. : 200,000 sold. 20,000 eaten.

M.R. : What's that mean?

L.G. : What wrong with you? Do I have to tell you everything ?

Mister Ree decided it was better to just sit back, keep quiet and get his thoughts together but he couldn't resist asking one more question.

M.R. : Hmmmm.... So apparently Lenny's death was a fake? But why? And whose ear was that in the jar?

L.G. : Of course it was a fake. Lenny needed to make himself invisible so he could work from the inside out of reality. He was never concerned with any notoriety and the more well known he or the characters he created became the more he distanced himself from it until he had no choice but to fake his own death and erase himself. The ear in the jar was a diversion for the Dabblers. To keep them occupied and away from discovering what was really happening on another level. A higher level of creativity.

M.R. : Who are the Dabblers?

L.G. : Dabblers are people who usually tend to only have a casual commitment in whatever they get interested or involved with.

A childhood friend of Lenny's named Paul Listro knew everybody and his brother and sometimes traveled in questionable company. Now in later life Pauly had become Director of Crisis Control at Rufus Bing Productions and Lenny's personal body guard. It all happened one night while attending an after hours card game at Mort Morton's Mortuary and Crematorium. Earlier in the week Vinny the Rat, someone they had all known fondly had accidentally fallen into a meat grinder and ended up becoming an ingredient in this week's batch of Vito's Honest Homemade sausages but one ear had survived. It was placed in the coffin at the service but was removed later for sentimental reasons by Louie the Lip. During the card game that night Louie was losing badly and put up the ear and lost it to Pauly when he won the pot. When he showed it to Lenny they got the idea to use the ear as a ploy to see the reaction after Lenny's apparent death.

M.R. : And the reaction was what they suspected it would be?
But where does that leave me? I've put in a lot of time and effort investigating this. Technically, you have committed fraud. I don't want to make trouble, but your little "diversion" has cost me plenty...

L.G. : It was the only way to repair the freaks.

an instant later Mister Ree is found awakening from being hit on the back of the head as if meeting Lance Gargoyle was just an episode in his mind

that happened when he was unconscious after being mugged as if meeting Lance Gargoyle never occurred. He reaches into his pocket and finds that the jar with the ear is still there. He rubs the back of his head as he stands and starts to walk. We see him walking for several blocks. He stops, looks at his watch and looks around. It's late, a little after two in the morning and he notices that he is the only one out at this late hour. He sees a late night diner open up the street. The sign outside says Egg Palace "Home of the Eggburger"

A very old woman, dressed completely in black with a black shawl over her head, passes by pushing a shopping cart. She says something that Mister Ree doesn't quite hear. "What's that?" he asks her. "What did you say?"

"Money can't buy poverty" replies the old woman as she looks back at Mister Ree for a moment then turns and wanders on down a dark alley and disappears into the night. It begins to rain.

Mister Ree shakes his head. *Crazy old woman*, he thinks. He can feel his stomach growling. It's been a long day. He gazes at the Egg Palace, "Home of the Eggburger". "*Why not?*" he thinks and pushes open the door.

As Mister Ree stepped inside Egg Palace "Home of The Egg Burger" he couldn't help but notice a digital painting by Sidney Hipple entitled New Inventions hanging on the back wall. It was an enlargement about 3' x 3' that Mister Ree had never known existed. He sat down at the counter and had a look around. A newspaper article on the wall told of how Egg Palace had originally been two old large subway cars put together. Everything including the seats and windows were left when it was made into a diner. The lights were all dim and it gave a cool atmosphere. There are customers in all the booths but because of the lighting they can hardly be seen.

A waitress turns around puts down a coffee cup and starts to pour coffee and says "Can I get you a coffee Sweetie?". She's in her late 50's. Her name is Bunny D ' Wonderful. Mister Ree replied yes and asks what an Egg Burger is? It's a fried egg white without the yoke like an omelet with anything you want with it inside on a bulkie roll. He asks "What happens to the yokes?" Bunny says "We make Egg Yoke Soup during the day. Mister Ree orders an Egg Burger with bacon, grits, mushrooms, peppers and onions. As he waits for his food to arrive he can't help but look at the painting New Inventions. He turns his head for a moment, looks outside and takes a sip of his coffee.

Out on the street a man on stilts is strutting around. Several people stand around watching him. Suddenly the man looks right at Mister Ree. Mister Ree feels a chill go down his back. He has a sudden desire to get up and run out and ask the man who he is. But that would be silly. It's just some street person clowning for dimes. Or is it?

As the man on stilts turns to walk away from the Egg Palace Mister Ree notices lettering on the back of his jacket. It says Whistleville.

If Mister Ree wasn't enjoying his Egg Burger so much, he might run outside, follow the Stilt Man, and ask him about "Whistleville", but instead, he is seriously contemplating ordering another Egg Burger. They are delicious!

Luckily the Stilt Man was hanging flyers about Whistleville all around town so Mister Ree would get another chance to find out more. The flyer is an invitation to the annual

week long open artist community exhibits and performance art societies of the area.
Note: Whistleville is a community where everyone whistles as they go about their activities. Everyone usually whistles whatever tune they feel like at the time but at times have jams together to make the atmosphere less scattered and more pleasant. And for a courtesy factor. The biggest industry in Whistleville is the Flavor Institute where every flavor in the world is produced and new ones invented. Whistleville is like a Sid and Marty Kroft Production.

Note: Egg Burgers have a mystical quality because of the unique perspiration of the person that is preparing it. The Egg Palace has four generations of cooks who are only ones that know, understand, and are taught the secret formula and silent chant *and* have the "Sweet Sweat" in their genes. The Great Grandfather of the clan is 87 years old. His son is 55 years old. His son is 35 years old. And the great grand son is 17 years old. Each one works a six hour shift. It is open 24 hours a day and are only closed on holidays.
Note: Besides being eaten, the benefits of an Egg Burger can also be had by taking the burger out from the bun and applying it to any part of the body that is diseased or injured. Not everyone is aware of this who purchase Egg Burgers. That's why most of the orders at times are take out and why the saying of Egg Palace is 200,000 sold 20,000 eaten.

When Mister Ree turns back around the painting has changed to one called Chrome Country USA.

And then again right before his eyes.

Mister Ree is intrigued. He never saw a changing painting before. Is this some new technological marvel?

As Mister Ree observed the image screen it appeared to be the same painting but in different stages of development. Each frame or image remained on the screen for about ten seconds, just enough time to observe the character and nature of the image. It seemed that some elements of one painting were hidden during later completed developments of the painting, while others could still be seen in what he assumed was the completed or final image of the painting. Maybe the hidden or remaining elements meant something?

Or could Mister Ree be just imagining it like a surreal experience?

He sees the waitress coming his way. *I'll ask her about the painting,* he thinks.

It wasn't that the waitress could read Mister Ree's mind as she walked back to where he was seated with his Egg Burger, it was just that she had seen that bewildered expression before.

"Don't worry sugar, You ain't seeing things. That's an Electronic Painting Monitor. It displays different stages and/or elements of digital paintings created by Sidney Hipple. Some Disc have as many as 20 different images. It's a New Invention we've been trying out. It was specially designed for the Digital Paintings of Sidney Hipple and other digital painters that have followed in his foot steps.

"Ahhhh," says Mister Ree, "most unusual. I am intrigued. And what is Sidney Hipple's relation to the Egg Palace? Do you know him? Does he come here often?"

The waitress laughs. "You ask a lot of questions, sugar. Let me take care of my customers and I'll be back in a minute."

Sitting in a booth at the far corner of the Egg Palace we see two men probably in their late 40's or early 50's who are having a conversation that would appear to most as not making any sense but is actually in code. It's the Flugnoid Lingo. The Flugnoids

are a segment of society operating within the limitations and advantages of that societies capabilities and possibilities to fertilize a more harmonious relationship with itself. The two men have the appearance like a couple of new era beatniks in dress and in matter. The two men are Pick Scales, a local bassist and Doug of "Doug and the Sluggs" Here is a little of what was being said.

Pick : The Black Sun shines only on the dead.

Doug : Time is nothing to those who have plenty.

Pick : Time is the only factor which can not be limited.

Doug : This time element is reduced in proportion to the concentrated intensity of the task at hand.

Pick : As noses stroll by they are unimpressed by the stench of what the dog did. Some stop by the fence and pat the dog , pretending to be it's friend... for now.

The dog screams for attention. No one is there to pat the dog. And the dog just sits... and shits... and... looks.

Doug : She wore a skirt made from an old red and white checkered table cloth. It had a burn mark in the fringe from a hot skillet from years past. But it was hers.

Bunny the waitress walks up to where they are sitting and says

Bunny : You sugar dumplings all set over here ?

Pick reaches into his pocket, pulls out a twenty dollar bill and hands it to Bunny. Bunny starts to give him his change (\$4.79)

Pick : That's okay Mrs. D .

Bunny : Thanks Boys.

Doug : What have you found the meaning of life to be Mrs. D ?

Bunny : Well that's hard to say with everything changing all the time but I can say this . No matter what happens one must never lose sight of ones own identity. The important thing for everybody is to establish his or her own solid and indestructible strength of character that will enable them to understand the true nature of change and to survive it.

Pick to Doug

Pick : Seems like a new riff's been added.

Doug : I don't dig . Could you transpose that into another key?

Pick : You can't play in two clefs at the same time man.

Bunny just grins and walks to a few empty tables collecting dishes on her way back to the kitchen.

Bunny returns to Mister Ree's table. "You asked me about Sidney Hipple. he used to come in here every night. One night he came in with a woman dressed in black -- black jeans, black boots, and a black sweater. They sat and talked for hours, until closing time in fact. The next morning Sidney brought in that painting you are looking at and hung it on the wall, asking us to please take care of it until he returned. He hasn't been in here since that day."

A woman was walking around the restaurant handing out flyers. Seeing Mister Ree munching on his second Egg Burger, her eyes widened in surprise. "You're eating them?" she asked.

"Of course," said Mister Ree. Now what did she mean by a question like that? He was even more puzzled when the waitress brought him a take-home box and said "You ate it already?" What was wrong with these people? Why sell Egg Burgers if you don't expect people to eat

them?

Standing outside the Egg Palace, the flyer in his hand, Mister Ree considered his next move. Perhaps a visit to Whistleville would be enlightening.